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Northern Messenger

Wm Bronscombe 30 Jan 03

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Kindergartens in West Central Africa.

(By Mrs. Wm. E. Fay, in 'Life and Light.')

Could you visit our kindergartens in Africa, I fear you would think them a rather wild sort of garden; but what more can you expect in 'the wilds of Africa?' The model kindergarten of civilized lands is almost, if not quite, as far removed from the present possibilities here as is a high state of civilization from their crude and simple mode of life. We have here not only the embryonic state of the child, but of the race. All the possibilities exist, though lying dormant. Neither can we look for help in their development in the home life or the mother's guiding hand, which, according to Froebel's plan, was to be the source and mainspring in first guiding the child. In adapting the system to the needs of these little wild Africans, we have had to be content to have high ideals without seeing them realized. Imagine a room full of these small, wild Africans dressed with a string or a rag of cloth a yard wide, or perhaps not dressed at all. A fat worm or locust or a small rat may be tightly squeezed in the chubby hand, which, perhaps, has been caught on the way to kindergarten, and is awaiting a favorable opportunity to be roasted and eaten. The hair may have been combed a month ago, but is kept smooth by frequent applications of oil. Some may never have had a bath at all, though clean hands and faces are insisted upon. They are as light and free as air, as frisky as colts, and as hard to tame.

The room has at least the attraction of bright pictures, though the floor is but hardened earth, and the rickety benches, which are constantly nibbled at by the white ants, often send a seat full of unsuspecting children tipping backward with arms and legs squirming in the air. Old tins cans must be used to hold the work of the children, because there is nothing better. O kindergartner, who may scan these pages, how can 'the good, the true, the beautiful' come out of anything so crude? How about those high ideals that must be carried out? Where is the dainty, delicate work that must be done with dainty fingers? and if by chance it should be done, how can it be appreciated in a dingy hut with not light enough even to see it?

But take courage, as we have, for sunshine and gladness prevail, and our kindergarten is a practical success even if crude. The work is adapted to the needs of the people, and our aim is that of the true kindergartner everywhere,—to fit the child for future usefulness and true living. The occupations are taken up in the most simple way. The children love to string beads, and sometimes corn or beans are used, which have first been soaked. These are afterwards cooked and used as a treat, for the hungry tots have but one square meal a day, and are glad enough for an extra morsel when it is to be had. They also string small pieces of cloth about an inch square, which are finally wound in a pad and sewed together; and this the child carries home to the mother with the greatest delight, for it serves as a rest for her heavy basket, which is always carried on the head. Weaving and clay modeling form good subjects for a future industrial department, leading at length to the making of baskets, hats, floor mats, and the modeling of the indispensable cooking pots. Picture books open up to them the wonders of the civilized world, and are a never-failing source of delight. The same old books that have been looked at over and over again become 'old friends,' one of the favorites being the 'Army and Navy Catalogue,' from which we order our supplies. One little girl refused to look at any other until at last we concluded it would be better to teach her to be satisfied with the book that fell to her lot; and the same little girl for a long time would take hold of no one's hands but a white person's. Gradually, however, through patient effort on the part of the teachers, she was induced to hold the hands of the other children, though sometimes it was only done with the tips of her fingers or by wrapping her cloth about them first, and once a child was gingerly held by the upper part of the arm.

RAW MATERIAL.

The songs and games here as everywhere have been highly appreciated by the children. At first, because of the length of the words, it seemed almost a hopelss task to translate the songs so that an idea could be squeezed into small enough space to fit the music. If we sang about a star it must be olumbungululu; if flowers, oloneneho; if a butterfly, acimbiambinlu; if birds, olonjila, and if to form a ring, ocindongombela. After many attempts, the first successful song came like an inspiration. It was the simple one, 'Would you know how does the farmer sow his barley and wheat?' The women are the farmers in Africa, and this describes how they plant the corn, cultivate it, carry it to the village in baskets, pound it on the rocks, sift it by shaking on a grass plat, make mush of the meal, and, finally, how the children eat it; and they end up by thanking their mother for it. The delight with which this was received by the children gave courage, and other songs and games are being constantly added by different members of the mission. Thus Froebel's idea of winning and developing the child through play, which it loves, is one of our greatest aids in attracting these children. Now, if you would ask what special benefit these children have derived from the kindergarten, I would ask you just to look at the accompany-

ing illustrations, which speak for themselves. Behold the contrast between the 'raw material' and that of the constant attendants, whose Christian parents are helping as light dawns. The change has been gradual. After insisting upon clean hands and faces, the weekly bath has followed. A clean cloth has taken the place of the discarded rag, and shirts and even dresses adorn clean bodies. A look of awakening takes the place of the listless expression, and not only the outward appearance, but the inner life of

CONSTANT ATTENDANTS AT KINDERGARTEN AND PARENTS.

these poor, little, neglected children has become purer. The Golden Text, which has been repeated every day, is committed by the time Sunday arrives, and the habit of daily attendance is established, so that the children never think of staying away from church, but attend en masse. While the mothers do not yet fully appreciate the benefits derived from the kindergarten, they do appreciate the convenience of leaving their children so that they can go unhampered to their work in the fields. A kindergarten has been established at each station of our mission, and the happy children who attend are our hope for the future.

Our Post Office Crusade.

Mr. James Srigley, Pelee Island, Ont., kindly writes to say that he has plenty of good literature which he would like to send to the Rev. H. F. Laflamme, of Cocanda, India, if he is informed on the best way of forwarding it. The reply is that if he will express or mail this literature at his own expense to 'The Northern Messenger' Postoffice Crusade to India, 400 St. Paul street, Montreal, it will be forwarded from there free of any further expense to him. The following extract from a letter, written by the Rev. H. F. Laflamme, to Mrs. Cole, bears on this point:—

Kodaikanal, India, Aug. 3, 1902.

Dear Mrs. Cole:—

I have before me a number of your letters that have been acknowledged but never really answered in detail, and so have been kept on my file. The earliest is of Nov. 22, 1900. The 'Chatauquan' is an admirable magazine for our work amongst the young men in the colleges, and after being bound could be placed in the free reading room or presented to the college, where it would be accessible to about 500 young men as they grow up through the course and can get to appreciate it. I can get those volumes bound here for forty cents in cloth with leather backs and corners, and so it pays to send them out here unbound. Every year about Nov. 1 my brother, W. S. Laflamme, of Messrs. Rose & Laflamme, 400 St. Paul street, Montreal, sends me out a consignment of goods, and if you send him down boxes of books and unbound magazines at about that time he will pack them in my consignment and forward to me without any extra cost to you. A great many of the magazines are just as interesting a year after to the readers in this land as the week they come out, and there is no need of wasting postage on them. We can use the 'Sunday At Home,' 'Leisure Hour,' 'Quiver,' 'Goood Words,' 'The Boys' and the Girls' Own Papers,' 'St. Nicholas,' 'Youth's Companion,' 'Chambers' Journal,' and a thousand other good magazines. Books, too, are useful, and I wish you could get half an hour in the old bookshelves of the Christian homes of Montreal, at what the housewives regard as so much rubbish and enrich our library here at Cocanda with the result. There are hungry hearts that would sing for joy when they could command the books you would send us. What can a man on three dollars a month pay for good books and how many of them can he afford, and yet nine tenths of our readers are of that class.

'The British Weekly' has been following me up here and I am giving them to the postmaster here. I think I told you that the gentleman who sends Mrs. Claxton the 'British Weekly' that sends me, and that is read by twenty or more people out here before it is utterly worn out, noticed from a letter I sent to the 'Baptist' which he has been getting from the Claxtons for the last twenty years over in his English home, and was so stirred at the great usefulness of the paper that he sent me one pound for the reading room. I have invested it in binding some 18 volumes of 'Good Words,' 'Sunday at Home,' 'The Sunday Magazine,' and others, to put in the reading room for sale or to be worn out in the reading. If they are sold the proceeds will go for the binding of other good books, and freshness is as much set by here as at home.

You could not send a better little paper than 'Sabbath Reading.' Your idea of putting in a text of Scripture is excellent. We are selling all the time in our reading room hundreds of illuminated texts to be put on the walls of Hindu homes, and to supplant the vile pictures of their gods that have for ages held sway there. If in your box you can send such texts as are just a little too soiled for the well kept rooms of a very aesthetic Canadian home you may be assured that in many of these homes, on the outside walls of which the cow dung plates are the most conspicuous objects, a speck of dust more or less will pass without critical notice.

A free circulation of the 'Life of Christ,' by Chancellor Wallace, would be very good indeed. Better still if you can put them into our bookstore here, and we charge a nominal figure for them. Then we may be sure of their getting into the hands of those who really want them and will be profited thereby. We have been enabled in this way to dispose of 750 copies of the Moody Colportage library books in the past year or two.'

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53 City Road, St. John, N.B.
Aug. 2, 1902.

Dear Editor,—I have to-day received a letter from India thanking me for copies of your paper. It reads as follows:—'May the Lord be your exceeding great reward! The papers you send are like precious seed bringing forth a harvest. They are much liked, and I have a special request from someone who needs papers for young people. Will you kindly send them to him instead of to me? I travel about India, teaching of our Lord Jesus, and telling of the need of total abstinence. Even women and children are being enslaved in the drink habit here, among the natives as well as the Europeans. Pray for us. I have just left Calcutta, where some famine-stricken orphans have been trained to do many good things, and are serving the Lord from their hearts; they were like skeletons when they first came. Thank you for your letter and the 'Northern Messenger,' which is a fine paper. H. E. Dunhill.

Yours truly,

C. G. HANNAH.

The last report of 'Among the Telugus in India,' contains these words:—

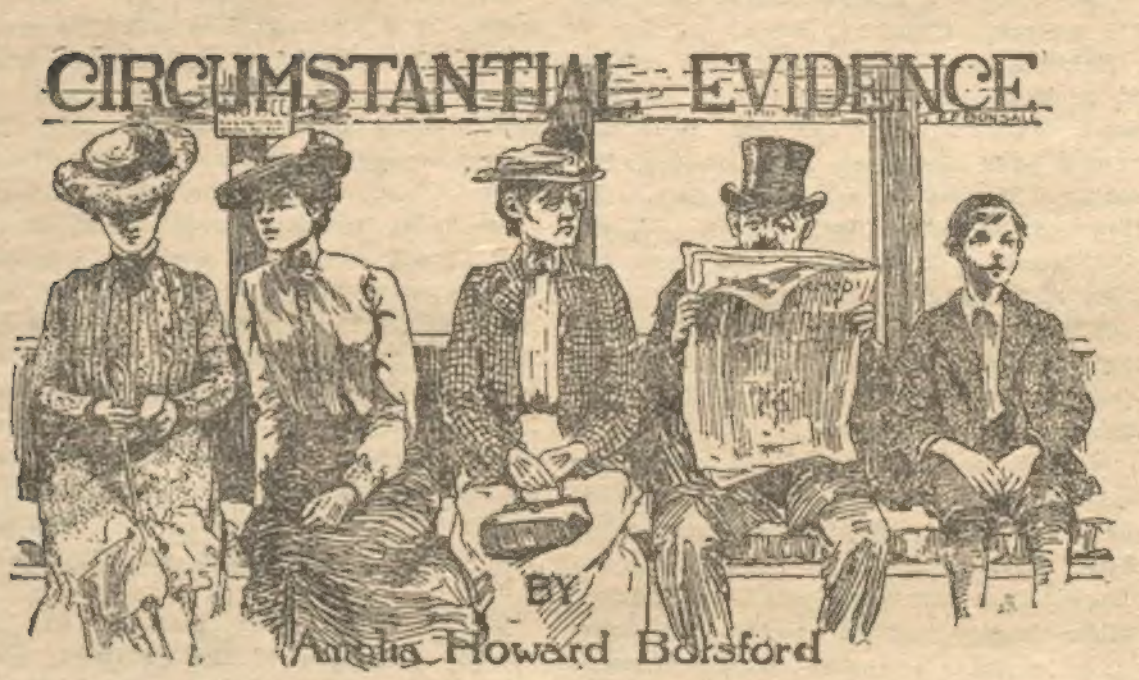
'Literature supplied by the post-office crusade is, through the kindness of friends in Canada, generously used and highly appreciated.

This department of work is doing much toward the correction of misconceptions, and the impartation of true knowledge.'

Also this: 'The postal crusade of Canada has placed thousands of Sunday-school papers, religious weeklies, high class magazines and good books in our hands which have passed on to an ever increasing company of native readers of English, who are thus helped to a pure and high literature.'

This postal crusade of Canada is the 'Northern Messenger' work; let this always be clearly kept in mind.

BOYS AND GIRLS



(In the 'Wellspring.')

'With you for a companion I shall really enjoy a day's shopping,' said Mildred Rees to her Cousin Ruth, as the two girls took their seats in the car on their way downtown. 'I have had so much shopping to do lately that its pleasures have begun to pall.'

'And why do you suppose it will be any better when I am with you?' laughed her companion.

'Oh, I am looking forward to the pleasure of showing you about, and of having your company, too,' replied Mildred. 'I was so glad when I got your letter telling that you were really coming to make me a visit. You had been putting it off for so long that I had really become discouraged.'

'I am sure I am quite as glad to be here as you can possibly be to have me,' said Ruth, eagerly. 'To-day I have plenty of errands for myself and for the rest of the family, so you may get tired of helping me shop before I am ready to return. Look over my list, please, dear, and tell me where I can get these things to the best advantage.'

Mildred took the list and the pencil which Ruth held out, and hastily scrawled in the margin the names of the proper stores. By the time she had finished, the car had reached the shopping district, the two girls left their seats and joined the crowd on the sidewalk.

In working their way down the two memorandums which they carried in their respective purses they came to the item of ribbons on Ruth's list.

'Oh, I saw in the morning paper,' remarked Mildred, 'that Osborne Brothers are having a ribbon sale. We might go there for what you want. It is a store to which I do not often go, but they sometimes have bargains. It is not far away. Shall we try it?'

'Oh, let's go, by all means,' said Ruth. 'I'd like to see as many big stores as I can.'

'It is farther down this street,' said Mildred, turning a corner, and the two girls, chatting in a lively manner, entered the store and turned toward the ribbon counter. As they stood in the midst of the gay display, a clerk approached to wait on them. She was a tall, slender girl, with a pleasant face, though she looked pale and weary, but as she spoke, and Mildred looking up met her glance, a sudden vivid red flushed over her face. Mildred straightened up, haughtily ,and turned to leave the counter, saying to the astonished Ruth: 'I am quite sure there is nothing here we shall care to look at, Ruth.'

When they were out of hearing, Mildred continued:—

'I did not care to trade with that girl. Did you notice that she recognized me, and how red she turned? Forgive me, Ruth, for dragging you away so unceremoniously. I'll tell you the story, and then you will understand why I did not want to have anything to do with her. It's luncheon time. Let's have something to eat. We'll go up to the restaurant in this building, and while we eat our lunch I'll explain what I know about the girl we saw at the ribbon counter.'

As they waited for their order to be filled, Mildred began:—

'That girl—her name is Rose Collins—used to be a schoolmate of mine, but she left school early because she had to earn her own liviug. As she was in the same Sunday-school class I used to see her often, though we were in different sets of young people. I rather liked her, and when I found she was learning dressmaking I persuaded mother to engage her as assistant to our regular dressmaker. I was really very friendly to her in those days. There! I have that identical pin on at this moment, and she must have recognized it at her first glance. No wonder she turned so red. This is the pin,' and Mildred touched the odd, pretty bit of gold she wore. 'I always had a fancy for this pin and I wore it a great deal in those days. I've often seen Rose looking admiringly at it, and once she spoke of what a pretty pin I wore.

MILDRED STRAIGHTENED UP, HAUGHTILY, AND TURNED TO LEAVE THE COUNTER.

'Well,' continued Mildred, as she dallied over her luncheon, 'I was having a dress fitted. I took off my collar and ribbons and laid them with this pin on the low work table by which Rose sat.

When the dress had been fitted and I put on my old dress again, I could not find that pin, high or low. Mother said that it might have been dragged off the table with some piece of lining or trimming. Well, we thought that when the room was cleared up at night the pin would be sure to be found, and so it was, but not in the way we had expected. I came in at dusk when Mrs. Brown, the dressmaker, and Rose were putting away their work, and began to look all round for the pin. I looked everywhere, and as I was turning over a pile of goods on that sewing table a little hand satchel, which Rose always carried, slipped out from the pile and fell to the floor. It unclasped in the fall, and scissors, thimble, and other such things as dressmakers carry, tumbled out, and my pin fell out with the rest and lay there on the carpet in plain sight. I had not till then thought of suspecting any one of taking it. But there it was, and I had seen with my own eyes that it had fallen out of Rose's bag. I pounced on the pin, delighted to get it back, but so shocked to think Rose would steal. Oh, you needn't hush me up for telling this in a public place. There is no one here who knows us.'

'But what did she say, and what did you do then?' asked Ruth.

'The girl insisted that the pin must have caught on her tape measure, and in that way have been put into the bag without her seeing it. It was a very unpleasant time. Mother told me the proof against Rose was not clear enough—I'd like to know what could be clearer—and she insisted that I must not speak of the occurrence outside of the family. Rose wouldn't have come to the house again if we had been willing to have her, and so I lost sight of her. I supposed she was still doing dressmaking and was surprised to meet her behind a counter. I never told this story about her, before, though I did say that we were not altogether suited with her when the girls noticed that we did not have her at the house any more, and that I no longer spoke to her.'

'Well,' said Ruth, slowly, 'it did seem very much against her, your finding it in her bag, but then things do tangle themselves up strangely, sometimes. It would be a dreadful thing to accuse one of being a thief, and find out that it was all a mistake.'

'Now you talk like mother,' returned Mildred, rather impatiently. 'I did not want to believe it of her, but I had to believe my own eyes, and I have never hurt her prospects by accusing her to others. I don't like to meet her, however, and so I hurried you away from her counter. Now, if you have finished luncheon, we must hurry round, for I have several errands to do yet and I know you are not at the end of your list.'

The afternoon was drawing to a close, and the girls were about to take the car for home when Mildred said, suddenly:

'Oh, there is one thing more I meant to look at. I wanted to find a remnant of silk for another silk waist. I would have looked while we were in at Osborne Brothers, if seeing Rose had not put it out of my mind. I suppose we might go back there now, for we are quite near that store.'

'I thought you did not care to go there,' said Ruth, in surprise.

'I don't; but we are nearer to it than to the other big stores, and it is almost five o'clock. Come on, Ruth.'

Mildred turned round, and they hastened back to the store they had visited some hours before. Mildred hurriedly turned over the stock of remnants, but nothing seemed to suit her fancy. As they left the store Ruth, in an odd, excited manner, drew her cousin down the alley at the back of the building.

'Why, this is not the way. What is the matter?' asked Mildred. 'How strange you look! Are you sick, Ruth?' she continued, anxiously.

'No; oh, no,' returned Ruth, when she had drawn her cousin into an angle of the building out of sight of passers-by. 'I am all right. But, Mildred,' she exclaimed, in a low voice, 'see here!' Seizing Mildred's parasol from her hand she drew out of its folds a remnant of silk of nearly the same color as the parasol itself. 'I saw it as we were coming out of the door and I was so afraid that some detective or floorwalker would see it before I could tell you what you were carrying off. What would have happened if one of them had seen you with it hid in the parasol?'

'Why, I would have been accused of stealing it, and perhaps arrested,' said Mildred, with a quickly-paling face. 'Do let us hurry back so I can take it to that counter from which it must have fallen. I don't see how it could have happened. But what an escape I have had!'

With quick steps she entered the store and sought the silk counter. With a brief and embarrassed word of explanation, she restored the piece of silk to the clerk in charge. Then as they turned away she said to Ruth: 'I must find out Miss Collins's address so I can go to see her, and ask her to forgive me. The evidence against her wasn't any greater than that against me to-day, and I am sorry I judged her so severely. I wonder if she can ever forgive me?'

When Mildred reached the office and inquired the address of Miss Collins, of the ribbon counter, she was at first at a loss to understand the manner of the man who met her.

'You have some complaint to make against Miss Collins?' he asked.

'Complaint? No, indeed,' said Mildred, rather indignantly, and then added: 'Miss Collins is an excellent girl. She is, in fact, a friend of whom I have lost sight till to-day, and I wish her address only that I may be able to call on her at her home.'

'I beg pardon,' said the official, 'but may I ask your name? A story regarding Miss Collins has been repeated to me this afternoon, and I fancied your request might have something to do with the case. Your testimony to her is on the opposite side, and may be valuable to her if you would be good enough to give your name.'

Mildred gave it, and also her father's place of business, and noticed an increase of deference in the man's manner. He assured her that a few words from her as a friend of Miss Collins would quite overbalance a report overheard in the restaurant, and he was very glad she had happened to call at the office that afternoon.

Mildred was very quiet all the way home, and on her arrival at once told her mother the whole story.

'Only think,' she said, sorrowfully, 'I came near doing the poor girl another wrong by my thoughtless talk this afternoon. I might have cost her her place in the store. I suppose she gave up dressmaking because she did not get many engagements after we stopped employing her. People probably thought there must be some good reason for the fact that I would not speak to her, and so without making any complaint against her I spoilt her outlook for work in the trade she had been learning. Then I am ashamed that I should have talked about her as I did in a place where any one might overhear me. You have often told me not to talk of personal matters in a public place, but I have been so heedless. When will I ever learn wisdom, mother?'

'My dear,' said her mother, as she stroked the head of the penitent girl, 'what you need to learn is the charity which thinketh no evil.'

'Yes, mother,' said Mildred, meekly; 'but now that I have learned my lesson what can I do toward undoing the harm to Rose?'

'Possibly we may be able to get her an easier place if she prefers to be in a store to taking up dressmaking again. I will talk to your father and he may know of some opening for her. I am sure he will feel that something ought to be done to make up to her for the unhappiness that suspicions aroused in our house have caused her.'

'The suspicions were all mine,' said Mildred, sadly. 'I am sure I have learned not to trust circumstantial evidence again. Can you imagine how I felt, mother, when I saw that to all appearances I had been shoplifting?'

That evening, shortly after Rose had returned from her duties at the store, she was astonished at a call from Mildred and her mother. It was no longer the haughty girl who had so coldly turned away from her that morning, but a pleading penitent. Rose's generous heart could not hold out against the evident sincerity of the sorrow Mildred expressed, and before she left, the old friendly relations were re-established.

Do Your Best.

Whatever you do, my little man,
Do it the very best you can,
Time speeds along, and day by day
Life is hastening away.
Then what you do, my little man,
Do it the very best you can.

God made the world in which we dwell,
And all things of His goodness tell,
The flowers bloom, the grasses spring,
The bright sun shines, the sweet birds sing,
And if you think, I'm sure you'll say
They do their very best each day.

Then do your best, my little man,
You'll find it is the nobler plan,
The world is needing such as you.
If when you work, you work with care,
And when you play, you're fair and square,
There'll be a place for you, my man
If you do the best you can.
—Jennie W. Lyall, in 'Adviser.'

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send five new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at thirty cents each and secure a nice Bagster Bible, suitable for Sabbath School or Day School. Bound in black pebbled cloth, with red edges, measures seven inches by five and three-quarter inches when open.

'Old Ready.'

(James C. Purdy, in 'Youth's Companion.')

John won his odd title when he was a small patient in the children's ward of the Samaritan Hospital. His broken arm was not yet out of the sling before he was helping Nurse Romaine care for the other children, and the children straightway hit upon his name that fitted him so perfectly, 'Old Ready.' That was ten years ago, and he was still in the hospital. The broken arm got well speedily, but before that happened it was found that the willing worker could not be spared.

First, he was put on the rolls as errand-boy, but he soon outworked those narrow limits and was promoted to higher responsibilities. Step by step he had come up and up since then; the position he held now it would be hard to define exactly, for he found work to do, and plenty of it, in every department within his reach. That had been the case all along; the thing that needed doing was the thing he took in hand, asking no questions, waiting for no bidding. He was still the 'Old Ready' to all in the hospital, from Dr. Ellis, the chief surgeon, down.

Promotion is a pleasant thing for boy or man; all the pleasanter for John because his mother, hard at work in the mill, and his sister Katy, the busy little housekeeper, had such pride and delight in his advancement. He had a hope of making them prouder still; a day, not on the calendar yet, shone away off in the future; the day that should advance him to the pinnacle of his ambition, the position of assistant steward. He was studying hard to fit himself for that.

In the fury of a winter storm, when the bitterest night of half a century was settling upon the world, John was shut up in his room, studying as hard as he had worked all day. Unless specially summoned, he need not open his door again that night. He heard the ambulance arriving with a new case, and he heard the bearers carry the litter into the children's ward.

'Poor little soul!' he muttered. 'I hope it isn't a case of freezing.' A glow of thankfulness warmed him; Katy snug and warm at home, was in no danger of freezing. 'Right sort of night for that, though.'

It was indeed the 'right sort of night for that.' The air was thick with a driving white mist; the ambulance was like a snow-drift on wheels; the litter-bearers and the troubled mother beside them, plunged through deep snow as they came up the steps. In a moment the men were out again and the ambulance was driven away; already there had been another call. John, seeing nothing of all this, only knowing it by the sounds, went on with his studying. Doctor Steel and Nurse Romaine could deal with a case of freezing without his help.

True, but this was not a case of freezing and they could not deal with it; the little form on the cot before them had been cruelly torn by machinery.

'I was working late, and she had just come from the house, bringing me my supper,' the poor mother explained, wringing her hands. 'I was telling her she shouldn't have done that in all the storm, though it's but round the corner, and while I was saying it, and while she was laughing and making light of the storm—she's always so brave and good!—the belt caught her somehow, and—oh dear! oh dear! You can save her to me, can't you, doctor? You must save her to me!'

'Only one man in the state can do that,' said Dr. Steele, after a swift examination. 'Ellis can, if we can get him here. We must get him, for the case is beyond me.'

He hurried out into the hall. John, in his room, heard him giving a sharp order to Negley, the night messenger; then he heard Negley, as usual, piling up difficulties in the way of what he was told to do.'

'I'm willing enough to start out and try it, Doc. If you can tell me where to go, I'll go, but you say yourself there ain't no clue to follow. And to go wadin' around through all this snow on a wild-goose chase, why—'

'Stop your grumbling and go!' With that fierce growl the doctor strode back into the ward.

John needed no more calling than this; in two minutes he was out in the hall, looking like an Arctic explorer. Negley was taking his comfort, with no notion of going out except under stronger pressure. He grinned derisively at sight of the high boots and fur cap, but a fellow who would volunteer to go out in such a storm as this was worth seeing under the circumstances.

'Good for you! This lets me out!' he remarked, and instantly he slipped off to a warm corner, quite out of everybody's way.

Just in time, for Dr. Steele had bounced out again to put spurs to his lagging messenger. He saw John, laughed in huge relief, took everything for granted at once, and forthwith gave his orders.

'Ready, I want you to find Dr. Ellis. I don't know where he is, and nobody at his house knows, but find him. Tell him to come here without losing a minute to save life. Tell him that—to save life.'

'All right, sir.'

On his way out, John saw Nurse Romaine knocking at the door of his room. She saw him at the same time and hurried to him.

'I was after you to come into the ward,' she said. But if you are going after Dr. Ellis that will be better. You will say so yourself when—afterward. Much better, for you will find him.' She opened the door for him and the blast swept him out.

She shut the door and went back to the ward. 'It is a cruel thing, all round,' she said to herself, 'but this is the kindest part of it all. No pocket can hold the wage of the willing worker, and I pray it may be paid to him in full!'

What a storm this was that John had come out to battle with! He was full of life, and he loved a sharp tussle with the weather, but there was something too much of this. The intense cold found him out through all his warm clothing, and the wind knocked him this way and that in spite of all resistance. Those were trifles that did not count; he could fight the wind, and the fight would keep him warm; the snow was the only thing he really feared, it hindered him so. Of course, he could master the worst of the deepening drifts, if he had time, but there was the trouble; time was a precious thing when Dr. Ellis was sent for to save life.

In front of the Albemarle Hotel, half a square from the hospital, he got footing on a car; it carried him a few rods, then it stopped in a hopeless drift and he got off, and that was the last car he saw that night. Well, even that short ride had almost frozen him; floundering on foot would keep his blood stirring, at any rate. Even so, his fingers and toes ached with the cold, his nose and ears smarted, his face tingled painfully under the lashing of the frozen snow.

In spite of his best efforts, he was a long time in getting to the Brotherhood Hospital, and that was really only the starting-place he had set for himself. Dr. Ellis came here every evening, and here the clue must be picked up. In two minutes John was out in the storm again, the clue in hand; the doctor had been there, and had gone off to one of his many 'poor cases,' in Prince street. That was afar off, and John could get there only on foot. No matter, the clue led there and he followed the clue with a light heart and in perfect confidence.

He followed the trail to Beppo's house in Rose street; then here, there and everywhere. Dr. Ellis, great surgeon and physician as he was, was at the call of whosoever had need of him, night or day. So, for half the night as it seemed to him, the weary messenger pursued the chase through the hindering drifts, never losing the trail of the man he tracked, but never coming nearer to him.

The storm grew worse, if that were possible. Even on windswept spaces the snow was more than ankle deep; in other places the boy must labor through drifts that swallowed him to the waist. Everywhere he must fight his own way; not a car was moving and no vehicle or horse was to be had. He tried to whistle as he plunged onward, but the wind outmatched him at that and drove the whistle down his throat. That was just as well, for his whistling had but little spirit in it. He acknowledged to himself that the fight had become rather wearing. In truth, it was cruelly hard, and the long fierce struggle was telling fearfully at last, even on his sturdy young strength. He was cold now, terribly cold, and he never in his life had been so tired. He would not confess it, but by this time all of him was exhausted except his courage and his will.

Then the crushing climax came, the stunning hopeless word was spoken. Another messenger, coming in a sleigh with horses enough to drag it through drifts house-high, had found Dr. Ellis first and had carried him quite out of reach. Carried him where? To the Albemarle Hotel—to within half a square of poor John's starting-place.

What to do now? Even John confessed that he could not possibly conquer again these terrible drifts; his feet might as well have been lead for all the life or feeling that there was in them, and he was tired beyond words. The Albemarle had telephone connection! Off to the nearest telephone station, then. If the wires were not working, then, indeed, he must give up; but he would not give up till he had tried this last chance. After that he might rest.

He must rest before that. He had hardly started in his new course when, for the first time, he fell down. He got his frozen feet under him and struggled up again, but only to fall back helpless into the smothering drift. He had twisted his

ankle so that he could not stand on it, and there was nothing to do but stay where he was until help came. That meant the end of everything, for no help could he hoped for; it seemed that only he, of all the city, was abroad in the storm. Well, it was good to rest, at any rate, he was so tired and sleepy. He would be snowed under, like the child they had brought to the hospital, but—That reminded him. He wrenched himself broad awake. Somebody must help him to the telephone station!

A sound, more welcome than any he had ever heard, reached him. Not far away an ambulance bell was clanging. He shouted again and again, lustily as in his best days. Men answered him, and presently the Brotherhood ambulance was there beside him. Another minute, and he was in the ambulance, with warm blankets around him.

'Wouldn't bother you, only for the kink in my leg.' He croaked the words feebly enough, but with all his old cheery pluck. 'Off with you now, quick as you can! Must telephone—Dr. Ellis—save—life—Oh, keep me awake!'

The flash of energy had died out already, and the fatal drowsiness beset him again with a power he could not resist. His rescuers knew the full meaning of those words, 'To save life,' and desperate as his own case might be, they must help him to do his errand. With merciful cruelty they shook and scolded him till he found himself in the warmth and light of the telephone station.

'Give me Albemarle Hotel.'

Rallying all his forces, he waited for the test calls. He looked up at the office clock and was sure it had stopped. From the story it told he had been away from the hospital not much more than two hours. For a wonder the wires were working and the call was answered. Then with all the voice he could muster, he himself called for Dr. Ellis. Dr. Ellis spoke back to him.

'It's Ready, Doctor, with a message from Dr. Steel. He says you must come to the Samaritan Hospital without losing a minute, to save life. To save life, Doctor! Do you hear that? I've lost a lot of time hunting for you. You must hurry!'

'I hear, Ready, and I'll go this instant, Ready.'

That was all. John had done what was given him to do, and now he could rest. When he came to himself, hours afterwards, he was in the Brotherhood Hospital. Doctors and nurses were busy with him, and every part of him that could feel was in pain. They put him to sleep, and he got through the night some way. The next day Dr. Ellis himself was there, looking over and tenderly putting him to rights.

'You'll do.' the doctor said at last. 'The leg will be as good as new pretty soon, and the hands and feet will be ready for use by the time the leg is.'

'Yes, but did you get there in time last night, Doctor? That's what I want to know.'

'In good time, Ready.' The doctor's face lighted up in a way pleasant to see. 'There would have been a different story to tell if you hadn't got to the telephone, though. She will come through all right and be none the worse for the accident, I can promise you that. Now go to sleep.'

The doctor stood thinking for a little, then whispered in John's ear, 'Get ready for duty as soon as you can—assistant steward! Oh, yes, that's what it is, dating from last night! Good-bye.'

John forgot all his pain. Assistant steward! The great dream of the future had come true in a night! To his great surprise he dropped off to sleep thinking about it.

Later Nurse Romaine was there, crying over him and kissing his swollen and blistered face. 'Your mother would have come, dear,' she explained, wiping her eyes, 'but she is at our hospital with—with her. O John! It was hard to send you out away from her, and she was so dreadfully hurt and calling for you all the time, but what could we do? That was the only chance of saving her. Only Dr. Ellis could do what had to be done, and only you could be trusted to find him. Your mother agreed that it would be best not to excite you and worry you before you started. Besides, your heart would have been half-broken to leave her. You two did save her, and that is the great thing, isn't it?'

'But—who?' John whispered, in troubled perplexity. 'Not—it couldn't have been Katy!'

Nurse Romaine put her face tenderly against his. 'Katy, yes, dear. You earned her life last night, my willing worker. She will live and be well, but she would have died only for you, John.'

So the wage of the willing worker was paid in full to John, as Miss Romaine had prayed. All the promises of hope were made good to him, and the assistant steward of the Samaritan Hospital is as happy as he is busy, which is saying much.

Lucy and Elsie.

(By Harriet T. Comstock, in New York 'Observer.')

It was a queer name for a bird, but Elsie called him that from the very first. We brought her from Florida as a gift to Elsie, and hung her in her handsome gilded cage, in the bay window of the pretty pink and white nursery.

That nursery was the strangest place Lucy had ever seen, and Elsie was the most bewitching thing in it. When she had first come from Florida, she was very lonely, and I greatly fear she would have pined away, and perhaps have died, but for the interesting things she saw through the bars of her new home.

To begin with, there was the small, brown-haired girl. At first Lucy was more afraid of her than she had ever been of a crocodile. But after a few glances at the tender eyes peering between the bars, Lucy rather liked the strange sight.

Elsie put her mouth up and gave a soft 'coo.' It was a very remarkable sound, and attracted the bird's attention at once.

'You are mine. You are my very own birdie,' whispered the little loving voice. 'And some day you are going to love me heaps.' If Elsie had only understood bird language then, she would have known that Lucy replied:

'Why, I do believe I love you now.'

For that dear little face and voice could no more be resisted by a Florida parrakeet, than they could be by you or me.

Elsie did understand bird language later on. Very soon they held long conversations together through the bars.

Sometimes the child's laugh would cause us all to smile in sympathy; and sometimes, but not often, the hazel eyes would fill with tears, and the quivering voice exclaim:

'Lucy is homesick. I 'most wish she'd go home.'

Why Elsie thought that, we could never find out, but I believe she knew. They grew very fond of each other as the days of spring went by.

Lucy was contented, the pink and white nursery became her world, and Elsie her sweetest joy. All the odd toys that had so filled her heart with terror when she had first come, soon became as familiar to her as the creepy things had been in her old Southern home. She 'peeped' a good morning to the old spotted cow, when Elsie held it up to the cage, and she soon conquered even the desire to beat her brains out against the top of the cage, when Elsie pulled down the head of a large white lamb, and made it give that unearthly 'ba-a.'

Indeed, Lucy seemed to have forgotten the old, free sunshiny life in the warm Florida groves, and chirped to Elsie, hopping about as merrily as if she had never known anything better. But Lucy was to have another experience. When the warm days of summer came, Elsie and Lucy were taken away from the pretty nursery, and went on a long journey by steamboat and railway to a lovely island in Lake George.

That journey was like a hideous dream to poor Lucy. Not all the sweet bits of talk that Elsie talked could quiet her wild alarms when the whistles shrieked and the bells clanged.

More dead than alive she was put down in the soft darkness of a summer evening, and left to silence and peace. Strange noises during the night disturbed her, but did not frighten her. They aroused memory, and filled her with strange awe.

There was an unusual lapping sound that had never been heard in the pink nursery. Where had Lucy heard that noise before? She bent her little head to one side and tried to think.

Long, long ago, she remembered a beautiful river that had washed by the roots of a large moss-grown tree, and among the branches of that tree, and then the bright eyes glistened, for it all came back to her with a rush. There in that old tree lived other small green birdies like herself, and a happy mamma bird. Lucy remembered the softness of the feathers on the mother-breast, and she remembered the long warm nights under those soft feathers. Something in Lucy's breast began to ache. It was almost better not to have heard that lapping sound.

Through the long, dark hours, Lucy forgot her fears, but she learned to think and to suffer. By and by the rosy light began to break over the high mountain tops. Lucy's cage had been put on a shelf on the piazza, and from that height she could see all about.

No pink and white walls confined her now. There was the clear water touching the little island on every side. But oh! beyond and above all the near beauty, little Lucy saw the great towering mountain tops all purple and hazy in that glorious pink glow. Little brown birds, unlike herself, circled in free air around her. With a joy too great for silence, Lucy broke into a wild note of joy that thrilled the quiet dawn.

Elsie heard it as she lay in her crib be-

side mamma's bed. 'Mamma,' she whispered with her brown eyes filled with dreams, 'Did you hear what Lucy said?'

'No,' mamma replied, 'I did not hear Lucy at all.'

'Why, mamma, dear, she said as plain as plain as plain can be: "Come quick, come quick!" '

Mamma smiled. And then, because she knew her little girl's language even if she did not know Lucy's, she got up and dressed Elsie, setting her free to wander forth in the dawn of that first wonderful day.

Elsie went to the cage. Elsie was hopping from perch to perch, almost beside herself with joy. And then, so Elsie told us later, Lucy came to the bars of the cage and begged to be set free.

'I will come back,' she had pleaded. 'But I long to touch my feet in the water, and to fly to the top of that high, high mountain and see what lies beyond.'

Elsie's eyes filled with tears as she told us. She had not dared open the cage door, but something told her of the longing poor Lucy felt, and she throbbed in sympathy.

All that day the pretty bird sat on her perch and gazed rapturously at the lake and the solemn mountains. She scarcely touched food or drink, and only chirped when Elsie left her play and came to speak lovingly to her. What the little bird-mind thought, of course, we could not know, but I fancy that through all the golden day it was planning a way of escape. For with that innate love of freedom struggling in the little heart, gilded bars were but trifles to overcome.

While we slept that second night, Lucy pried the slender wires apart, and with no note of warning flew away into the freedom for which she had so yearned.

When we went to give her our morning greeting, we found only the empty cage, on the floor of which lay a solitary green feather. A mute but beautiful farewell!

Elsie took the little feather and kissed it, breaking into wild sobs as she did so.

'Do not cry, Elsie dear,' said mamma. 'Lucy may come back. We will put food and water in her cage and leave the door open. Perhaps when she is hungry and tired she will come home gladly enough.'

'No, no!' sobbed the child. 'Lucy wanted to see over the high mountain, and if she ever does, she will never come back to this little cage.'

However, we put the cage with water and a dainty meal inside below the trees by the lake.

Again and again through the day, Elsie stole to the deserted cage, hoping and longing for the return of the fugitive.

During the early afternoon we heard an occasional soft call, and once, looking up, we saw among the leaves the bright form of Lucy. She gazed at the empty cage and the tempting food. She chirped in loving tones to her little mistress. We held our breath and watched expectantly. The gay feathers darted from bough to bough, but suddenly the little head turned toward the dark mountain, and with a wild free cry she flew away into the clear sunlight. Away she went in the direction of the dark hills, until, as a tiny speck, we saw her against the blue sky.

Elsie flung herself down beneath the trees, and with an arm thrown about the empty cage, gave herself up to hopeless sorrow. We tried to comfort her, but grief would have its way. Fainter and fainter came the sobs,—and at last they ceased. Little Elsie had forgotten her loss in sleep. We threw a rug over her and left her to quiet dreams.

An hour later she came up to the piazza with eyes shining and smiles dimpling her face. She had had a dream. We knew what that meant. Dreams were very real things to Elsie. Her good fairy always seemed to drive away her worries by a dream, and so we knew now that our little girl had again been comforted. With all seriousness she said:

'Oh! I am so glad Lucy got away. She has had such a beautiful time. Before she came back to me this afternoon she had flown almost to the top of Black Mountain. Up there all alone by himself, she saw a kind old Indian making lovely little bows and arrows, and cunning little baskets. He loves little birds and knows the way to every place on earth. He told Lucy that if she kept right on to the highest peak, she would see the way back to her old home.

'The dear little thing remembered then that she had promised to come back if once she could be free, so she flew all the way back here just to keep the promise if I wanted her to do so. But when I saw how happy she was, and how she longed to get back to her old home, I just could not ask her to go back in that little cage. I will leave the cage open all the time; she may come back, but I do not want her to come until she is quite, quite ready.'

I had lived much longer than little Elsie, and I knew as I tenderly kissed the sweet upturned face, that Lucy would never come back to our poor kindness if she once gained the freedom of the mountain tops.

We left the cage open, and every day Elsie put fresh food and water in it. One day a wounded bird fluttered in, and we gave it food and shelter in Lucy's dear name. When it was well it flew away, and Elsie thinks it went to tell Lucy. Perhaps she is right. If she has gone, Lucy will know her home is ever ready should she care to return. But Elsie and I have learned to hope that happy little Lucy has found the old moss covered tree beside the murmuring Florida river, and that the same gentle mother bird broods over a nest full of beautiful little green parrakeets.

Hindering Peculiarities.

Many a youth has been hampered because of peculiarities which he has allowed to creep into his personality or manner, which, if realized by himself, might easily have been pruned and trained, had he only been taught the secret of habit forming.

Young people do not easily realize how much a pleasant and agreeable manner has to do with success. Everybody likes to be surrounded by agreeable people, of gentlemanly manners; not by those who are gruff, uncouth, peculiar, and disagreeable. We are all looking for sunshine and harmony in this world: we try to avoid the dark, damp, and dismal places, and shrink from harsh, disagreeable, discordant surroundings.

Even commanding ability will not always counterbalance disagreeable peculiarities. Young men and women often wonder why they lose their situations, when they have a good education, ability, and valuable experience. It is very often due to some striking peculiarity or unpleasant mannerism, which the employer does not like to speak about, and he finds some other excuse for filling the position with a more agreeable person. Employers do not like to have morose or gloomy people about them; they like bright, cheerful, buoyant, sunshiny natures that look toward the light. Sarcastic, ironical employees—those who are always insinuating, finding fault, and making innuendoes—are never popular. Stubborn, obstinate, self-willed people who always want their own way, and are selfish about everything, are not wanted; the overbold, the egotistical—those who are always bragging about what they have done and can do—are also not in favor with employers. The tattlers—those who are always meddling and making mischief among employees—and those who are always complaining, are among the people who never get on.—'Success.'

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So many men, so many minds. Every man in his own way.—Terence.

The following are the contents of the issue of August 16, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

An Unconventional Courtier—Jack, the King's Terrier, in 'Punch.'
Colonial Premier's Conference—'Commercial Advertiser,' New York.
The Coronation Conference—The Defence Question—By C. de Thierry, in 'The Empire Review.'
The Case of Professor Stedd—New York 'Tribune.'
Mr. Seddon's Views on Women's Suffrage in New Zealand—'Daily News' London.
Great River of Southern India Harnessed by a Canadian Engineer—From the London 'Globe.'
The Mikado of Japan—By A. Norman, in the 'Imperial Argus.'
Indian Ladies and the Coronation—By Sir Edwin Arnold, in the 'Daily Telegraph,' London.
Leo XIII.'s Day in the Vatican Gardens—'Morning Leader,' London.
Lord Salisbury—By Canon Scott Holland, in 'The Commonwealth,' London.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

A Sketching Tour—'The Pilot,' London.
A Cause for Rejoicing—New York 'Tribune.'
Hints for Amateur Artists—'Punch.'

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

Away—Verse, by Anna MacManus.
A Neglected Poet—William M. Hardinge—By L. W. Crippen, in New York 'Times.'
A Copy of George Herbert—By H. Child, in 'The Pilot,' London.
Curiosities of Popular Proverbs—Part II.—By J. Churton Collins, in the 'New Liberal Review,' London.
Mr. Carnegie's Gift to Mr. John Morley.
The Acton Library—'Morning Leader,' London.
What Will He Do With It?—New York 'Times Saturday Review.'
India vs. Rudyard Kipling—Narayan Harischandra, in 'The Speaker,' London.
Immortality—From the Christian Standpoint—By Emma Marie Caillard, in the 'Contemporary Review,' London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

An Automatic Lightship—By Waldon Fawcett, in the 'Scientific American,' New York.
The German School Journey—By G. W. Young, in 'The Pilot,' London.
Australian Sponges—Birmingham 'Post.'

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LITTLE FOLKS

The Bird's Nest.

Now the sun rises bright and soars high in the air,
The hedge-rows in blossoms are drest ;
The sweet little birds to the meadows repair,
And pick up the moss and the lambs' wool and hair,
To weave each her beautiful nest.

Oh, no; I am sure 'twould be cruel and bad,
To take their poor nestlings away ;
And after the toil and the trouble they've had,
When they think themselves safe, and are singing so glad,
To spoil all their work for our play.

THE BIRD'S NEST.

High up in some tree, far away from the town,
Where they think naughty boys cannot creep,
They build it with twigs, and they line it with down,
And lay their neat eggs, speckled over with brown,
And sit till the little ones peep.

Suppose some great creature, a dozen yards high,
Should stalk up at night to your bed,
And out of the window away with you fly,
Nor stop while you bid your dear parents good-bye,
Nor care for a word that you said :

Then come, little boy, shall we go to the wood,
And climb up yon very tall tree :
And while the old birds are gone out to get food,
Take down the warm nest and the chirruping brood,
And divide them betwixt you and me ?

And take you, not one of your friends could tell where,
And fasten you down with a chain ;
And feed you with victuals you never could bear,
And hardly allow you to breathe the fresh air,
Nor ever to come back again :

Oh ! how for your own mother dear you would sigh,
And long to her bosom to run ;
And try to break out of your prison, and cry,
And dread the huge monster, so cruel and sly,
Who carried you off for his fun.

Then say, little boy, shall we climb the tall tree ?
Ah ! no—but remember instead,
It would almost as cruel and terrible be,
As if such a monster to-night you should see,
To snatch you away from your bed !

Then sleep, little innocents, sleep in your nest,
To steal you I know would be wrong;
And when the next summer in green shall be dressed,
And your merry music shall join with the rest,
You will pay us for all with a song.

Away to the woodlands we'll merrily hie,
And sit by yon very tall tree ;
And rejoice, as we hear your sweet carols on high,
With silken wings soaring amid the blue sky,
That we left you to sing and be free.

—'The Prize.'

A Little Mission at Home

(American Paper.)

'I don't believe I want to go to missionary meeting any more.'

Margie said it with a mournful face and a doleful shake of her head. She was riding home over beautiful country roads, sitting beside Aunt Anna in the spring waggon.

'Why, my little girlie ! You surely do not mean what you are saying. Not wish to go to missionary meeting ?'

'I do mean it, auntie. Sometimes I don't mind it at all, when it's folks that just talk our duty to us in big words and how we'll have to answer for all our privileges and tell why we didn't improve our opportunities. But when it's like Mrs. Elliott, that's truly and really been among the heathen, and tells about little girls that nobody's ever

kind to them, and that never have heard a word about Jesus and would be glad to—and I can't do a thing till I grow big. I can't be a missionary while I'm little. And I never have more than a cent at a time to give. No, I guess I'll let you take my cent next time and not go myself.'

The pathetic talk had so affected the dear little girl that on reaching home, the pretty snug farmhouse, whose inmates enjoyed every comfort, but rarely saw a cent to spend on anything else, Aunt Anna began thinking of some way in which she could interest her.

The way was not difficult to find. Just this spring Margie had been promoted from a corner in Aunt 'Anna's room to a cunning bed-room of her own. It was a tiny closet of a place, but the sun peeped in brightly in the early morning, and over the one window a honeysuckle vine clambered in which a blue-bird made its nest and hatched its young right under Margie's delighted eyes.

For weeks the furnishing of the little room had been going on; now a picture, now a wee draped shelf, now a curtained corner for a wardrobe being added. To-day Aunt 'Anna was going to put the finishing touch—a curtain at the window made from a muslin gown of her own, tied back with ribbons carefully washed and pressed by Margie's little self. In seeing the soft folds go up Margie began to forget her trouble.

'There's one thing more wanted, I think,' said Aunt Anna, standing back for a critical gaze. 'A pink cheesecloth lambrequin looped above would be a great improvement.'

'Oh, auntie!' Margie clasped her hands in rapture.

'I am going into the village tomorrow to get some lining and I must buy a bit for you.'

Driving into the small village the next day, they observed an unusual stir about the railway station.

'Drive near, auntie, and let me see what it is,' said Margie.

'Oh, I see,' said her aunt. 'It is a company of fresh-air children sent out from the city.'

'What for?'

'They are children of the very poor. They live in the hot, close, dirty alleys in the city, where they never get a breath of the Lord's pure air, or scarcely ever a bit of sunshine.'

'Oh, my!' Margie gave a gasp.

'And some who wish to help them have talked to people who, like us, live in the country, and they take these children for two weeks or longer, to give them a taste of sweet country sights and sounds.'

'See, see,' said Margie, eagerly watching the motley little crowd which pressed out of the cars, 'there's a lame one. Another boy's helping him. And there's one carrying another that's 'most a baby. And there's one with her head tied up—'

'And how pinched and pale they all look,' said her aunt. 'Not one of them with round, rosy cheeks like yours, my bird.'

'There's Farmer Ray taking two of them into his waggon. And Mrs. Allen's taking the lame one. See all the waggons waiting for them. Auntie, why don't we have any?'

'Why, my dearie, hasn't your mother a house full of her own already? Where could she stow another one?'

'I don't know, but I wish we could. See that little tot running across the road to pick a buttercup.'

'They are beautiful flowers to them. Many of them—think of it, Margie!—have never seen a tree or a flower.'

'Oh, dear, dear! I wish we could have one, I'd show her all my things. I'd give her half my flowers, and one of my kitties.'

And again the heart of the dear little girl was heavy with its burden of longing to do for others.

'Couldn't we, mamma, any way?' she was later asking after a talk with her mother. 'It would be just one more.'

'Where could one more sleep, Margie?'

'Mamma, couldn't I sleep in the garret and let her have my pretty room?'

'I'll think of it, little one.'

Mamma thought of it, and two weeks later, with the next company of eager little country seekers, came a wee girl who grasped Margie's welcoming hand, looking into her face with shy, wide-open eyes.

'Say,' she said in a half whisper, 'is this the country?'

'Yes,' said Margie.

'Well, Janey Dunn came to it last summer. 'And she saw ten little chickens. 'And I want to see 'em. Be they here yet?'

'Why,' said Margie, laughing, 'little chickens that were here last summer wouldn't be little chickens now.'

'Wouldn't they?' in great disappointment. 'Where be they gone?'

'Oh, they're grown into big hens.'

'I wanted to see 'em—'

'Why,' said Margie, quickly, as a tremble of tears mingled in the tone, 'we've got plenty more little chickens just like them. And little ducks and goslings. And a calf and some lambs. And I'll show them all to you.'

The only unpleasant thing about it was the sleeping in the garret. It was lonely and hot and there was a dreadful suspicion of mice. But lying there for a few minutes before sleep came Margie forgot all the unpleasantness in thinking of a pleasant thing. There was another little girl sleeping in a white bed in a cosy room inside the pink-tipped curtains, through which every morning she peeped with charmed eyes down into the now empty nest in the honeysuckle. The two weeks flew by too fast until the day on which Margie said: 'Good-by. You must come again next summer.'

'I think your mission has been a very successful one,' said Aunt Anna, as the car bore out of sight a wistful little face framed in the window. 'My what, auntie?'

'Your mission, dear—your sweet, loving ministration to one of Christ's little ones.'

'Oh, Aunt Anna, you're making fun of me.'

'Not at all, my dearie. Don't you know that everything in which we bring to our Lord an offering of love and self-denial is as truly a mission as if it went to a foreign shore? Over sea or land, everywhere, we find them all, these helpless ones to whom God permits us to hold out a hand in his name.'

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LESSON XI.—SEPTEMBER 14.

Loving and Obeying God.

Deuteronomy xxx., 11-20. Memory verses 15, 16.

Golden Text.

'For this is the love of God, that we keep his commandments.'—I. John v., 3.

Home Readings.

Monday, Sept. 8, Deut. xxiv., 1-13.
Tuesday, Sept. 9, Deut. xxx., 11-20.
Wednesday, Sept. 10, Deut. xxxi., 1.13.
Thursday, Sept. 11, Deut. xi., 13-25.
Friday, Sept. 12, James i., 17-27.
Saturday, Sept. 13, I. John ii., 1-10.
Sunday, Sept. 14, John xiv., 15-26.

Lesson Text.

(11) For this commandment which I command thee this day, it is not hidden from thee, neither is it far off. (12) It is not in heaven, that thou shouldest say, Who shall go up for us to heaven, and bring it unto us, that we may hear it, and do it? (14) But the word is very nigh unto thee, in thy mouth, and in thy heart, that thou mayest do it. (15) See, I have set before thee this day life and good, and death and evil; (16) In that I command thee this day to love the Lord thy God, to walk in his ways, and to keep his commandments, and his statutes, and his judgments, that thou mayest live and multiply; and the Lord thy God shall bless thee in the land whither thou goest to possess it. (17) But if thine heart turn away, so that thou wilt not hear, but shalt be drawn away, and worship other gods, and serve them; (18) I denounce unto you this day, that ye shall surely perish, and that ye shall not prolong your days upon the land, whither thou passest over Jordan to go to possess it. (19) I call heaven and earth to record this day against you, that I have set before you life and death, blessing and cursing; therefore choose life, that both thou and thy seed may live; (20) That thou mayest love the Lord thy God, and that thou mayest obey his voice, and that thoy mayest cleave unto him; for he ds thy life, and the length of thy days; that thou mayest dwell in the land which the Lord sware unto thy fathers, to Abraham, to Isaac, and to Jacob, to give them.

Suggestions from Peloubet's Notes.

Faithfulness is Possible. The Law in the Heart.—Vs. 11-14. For. Why does the lesson begin with For? Moses had just prophesied (vs. 1-10) that the Israelites would in the future become so disobedient to God that their enemies would triumph and they themselves be taken into exile. But in their exile they would remember God's commands and turn again to the Lord; he would restore them to their own land again, and they would enter upon a new life of obedience there. 'For,' Moses goes on to say, 'this obedience is possible; the commandment is not too hard for you.'

The word is very nigh unto thee, in thy mouth.—God's word must be on our lips as well as in our hearts. 'If thou shalt confess with thy mouth . . . and believe in thy heart . . . thou shalt be saved' (Rom. 10: 9). Here and in Romans, the spoken confession is named before the faith in the heart, even though faith is fundamental, because the expression of our faith is the visible and conspicuous evidence before the world.

'The gospel believed is a fountain in the heart; the gospel confessed is the streams through the mouth.'—Robinson.

And in thy heart. 'In the heart and not in the mouth is cowardice; in the mouth and not in the heart is hypocrisy.'—Robinson. The word could not possibly be nigher than "in thy mouth and in thy heart." We need not move a muscle to get it. There is no need of either hands or feet.'—C. H. Mackintosh. Heathen religions are impressed on the worshipper from without, and the assent of his heart and mind is not even asked. Our religion alone appeals to man's soul to testify to its truth. That thou mayest do it. God's law is not impracticable. It can be done, and therefore it must be done. To know it is not enough.

Paul's application of this passage to Christianity, as found in Rom. x., 4-10, is most important. Paul argues: 'Say not in thy heart, Who shall ascend into heaven? (that is, to bring Christ down:) or, Who shall descend into the abyss? (that is, to bring Christ up from the dead.)' Christ has already come from heaven, in the incarnation; he has already come from the abyss, in the resurrection. You need no more revelation, you need only faith in the revelation that has been given, and an open acknowledgment of that revelation. So Paul goes on to quote: 'The word is nigh thee, in thy mouth and in thy heart;' or, as he explains, in your heart you have faith in Christ, and in your mouth is a confession of him before men. And with these two things 'thou shalt be saved.' So plain and so simple is religion, both in the Old Testament and in the New.

And the Lord thy God shall bless thee. God cannot violate his own nature, and so he cannot bless an unfaithful nation or man. But he is always eager to bless.

Unfaithfulness will bring Ruin.—Vs. 17, 18. Moses now turns to the reverse of the picture. It was less pleasant to paint, but he was a faithful teacher. If thine heart turn away. It is always men's hearts that turn away, never God's. When husband and wife separate, it is often a question which is to blame; but when God's people turn from him, it is always because the church, the bride of Christ, has given its heart to the world. So that thou wilt not hear, but shalt be drawn away. Sinners are wont to excuse themselves by saying that they were drawn away, but 'every man is tempted when he is drawn away by his own lust, and enticed' (Jas. i., 14). If you do not embark on the rapids, you will not be drawn over the cataract. And worship other gods. Idolatry became the great temptation of the Hebrews, and the cause of the nation's downfall.

Ye shall surely perish. Vs. 17, 18 might be written on the title-page of the Bible, as its motto and a summary of its history. Every time the Hebrews forsook God for idols, vast numbers of them perished,—in battle, pestilence, exile, slavery,—until the greatest of all denials, their denial of Christ, was followed by the most terrible of all disasters, the destruction of Jerusalem.

Therefore choose life. You can choose. It is this power of choice that makes the chief difference between a man and a stick or stone. You must choose. Either good or evil, life or death, is yours for eternity. Life is the wise choice. Any other choice is the height of folly.

Illustration. Those that put off deciding for God are as foolish as Archius, a Grecian magistrate, to whom a messenger brought a letter, saying that it contained serious matters and should be read at once. 'Serious matters to-morrow,' laughed Archius, putting it aside. The unread letter was written to disclose a plot by which Archius was slain that night.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Sept. 14.—Topic—Delight in God's House. Ps., lxxxiv., 1-4; Ps. c., 1-5.

Junior C. E. Topic.

LESSSONS FROM CARMEL.

Monday, Sept. 8.—A lesson in boldness.—I. Kings xviii., 15-17.

Tuesday, Sept. 9.—A lesson in decision.—I. Kings xviii., 21.

Wednesday, Sept. 10.—The folly of idolatry.—I. Kings xviii., 26-29.

Thursday, Sept. 11.—A lesson in prayer.—I. Kings xviii., 36-37.

Friday, Sept. 12.—God answers prayer.—I. Kings xviii., 38.

Saturday, Sept. 13.—The people decide.—I. Kings xviii., 39.

Sunday, Sept. 14.—Topic.—Old Testament miracles. IV.—Lessons from Mount Carmel. I. Kings xviii., 30-39.

The Cigarette Habit.

('Presbyterian Review.')

Within recent years the smoking of cigarettes has increased enormously in Canada and in the United States. If adults choose to indulge in this habit one can but protest, but when children are met every day on the streets with one of these things between the lips, it is time to inquire closely into the effects likely to follow.

In the United States a vigorous campaign is being carried on against cigarette smoking among boys. An Anti-Cigarette League has been formed, and Mr. Willis Brown is giving his entire time to the work as field-secretary and organizer. Speaking of the evil as he sees it in the United States Mr. Brown says:—

There is no agency to-day so destructive of the moral and physical life of the young as this insignificant whiterobed plaything of death. This evil of cigarette smoking has become so great that every state in the Union has passed some form of prohibitory laws. Tennessee and Oklahoma entirely prohibit the manufacture or sale of cigarettes or cigarette materials, and this stringent prohibitory measure has been declared constitutional by the United States Supreme Court.

Up to two years ago the cigarette habit gained in popularity until it had honeycombed the shop and store, home and school, yes and the heart of the nation's young. The alarm was sounded not only from the army camp and fireside, from the city street and country lane, but from the hard-headed, unemotional business corporation.

The president of the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific railway discovered that cigarette smokers were unsatisfactory railway men, and so issued an order discharging them unless they would abandon the habit. The Chief of the U. S. Weather Bureau, Mr. Willis M. Moore, placed the ban on them in this department of government service. Geo. W. Swift Packing Co., Montgomery Ward & Co., Morgan & Wright Tire Co., say no cigarettes can be smoked by their employees. These facts permit of no argument.

You say, 'Yes, it is a dreadful curse, I am glad my boy doesn't use them.' Let us see if he does not or is not likely to smoke them.

In the past two years it has been my great privilege to visit the public schools of our large cities and speak to thousands, yes, tens of thousands of boys and girls on this subject. In order to secure absolutely reliable information as to the prevalence of the habit and its injurious effects I have made systematic investigations.

In Columbus, Ohio, one of the first schools I visited was the Front Street school, which is situated near the heart of the business section. The pupils here would commonly be classed as the worst—not that they are—but Jews, Negroes, Italians and Poles, newsboys, bootblacks and fruitsellers compose most of the attendants. In the 7th and 8th grades—out of 41 boys 36 had used or were smoking cigarettes; 5 not. Fifth and 6th grades—out of 35 boys, 26 smokers; 9 non-smokers. In the 3rd and 4th grades, composed of boys from 8 to 12 years of age—out of 53 boys only 11 non-smokers. Of the whole number of 129 boys over 82 percent were cigarette users more or less.

The Sullivan school in the same city is recognized as one of the best schools. Its pupils coming from the better homes of the

community. In the 8-1 and 8-2 grades we found 33 boys; only 2 had not smoked cigarettes. In the 7-1 and 7-2 53 boys; only 2 non-smokers. In the 6th and 5th grades, 59 boys, 9 non-smokers. In the 4th and 5-2 grades, 53 boys, 19 non-smokers. Of the total number of 198 boys, over 83 percent smoked the cigarette.

Fort Wayne, Ind., Clay school, situated in best residence section of city: Grade 8a, 22 boys, 19 smoked, 3 non-smokers; 6a and 7th grades, 30 boys, 24 smoked, 6 non-smokers; 5th and 6b, 23 boys, 18 smoked 5 non-smokers; 3rd and 4th grades, 32 boys, 23 smoked, 9 non-smokers. Total, 117 boys, 84 smoked, 23 non-smokers, or over 71 percent smoked cigarettes.

In Washington, D.C., of those who smoked the percentage in fourteen schools was as follows: Boys from 7 to 10 years of age, 25 percent; from 10 to 12 years, 33 percent; from 12 to 14 years, 50 percent., and from 14 to 16 years or higher grades in grammar schools, 35 percent. In the rooms below the seventh grade, or taking the scholars from 6 to 12 years of age, the boys and girls are about evenly divided, but in the higher grades, while the percentage lessens from 50 percent in the intermediate grade, the number of boys lessens as well. There may be some argument that when a boy reaches 14 years of age he may be compelled to work. This will hold good in some instances, and yet the testimony of the teachers is that the greater part of these boys who do leave school are the lowest in standing, deportment and ability and are the most undesirable class, because of their low moral tone.

The most important contention against the cigarette is that the smoke is inhaled, and therefore more of the poisonous gases arising from the smoke and combustion are taken into the system than with pipe or cigar. The momentary exhilarating effects are immediate. The result is an appalling effect upon the nervous system. It first stimulates, then stupefies the nerves. Dr. L. Bremer, late physician at St. Vincent's Institution for the Insane at St. Louis, puts it strongly when he says:

'Basing my assertion on the experience gained in private practice and at the St. Vincent's Institution, I will broadly state that the boy who smokes at 7, will drink whiskey at 14, take to morphine at 25, and wind up with cocaine and the rest of the narcotics at 30.'

Thank God that in the heart of every boy and girl there is some noble impulse which years of murdered conscience and ignoble deeds have not entirely destroyed. Dark as the picture is, the evil is being overcome. An army of three hundred thousand boys and girls have started the stampede by forming the American Anti-Cigarette League which seeks, by pledging the boys and girls against the use of the cigarette, by publication of facts concerning the evil, and by arousing public sentiment to kill the habit. Twenty years ago the annual production amounted to only 508,873,783 cigarettes. The year 1898 marked the high tide of production, amounting to 4,153,252,470, a total that is appalling even to one who is not fanatical in the matter of tobacco using. According to the tobacco journals the last year has seen '200,000 less cigarette users, or a greater moderation than before.'

During the past year the decrease has been at the rate of 2,192,390 per day, and reports show the greater decrease in the districts where the Anti-Cigarette League agitation has been the greatest. The Syracuse, N.Y., 'Herald' has this item: 'The Anti-Cigarette crusade which has been waged in this city for the last three weeks appears to be bearing fruit, as the local tobacco dealers report a heavy falling off in the sale of cigarettes.'

Perhaps we do not suffer so much from this evil habit in Canada as they suffer in the United States. They speak of the habit as decreasing; we fear it is on the increase with us. May we not learn from the sorrow of our neighbors, and grappling earnestly with the threatening evil, check its progress ere it secures a strong position among young Canadians. There must be persistent work done if we are to succeed in this reformatory work.

Our work first, last, and always is with the children, teaching the boys and girls to scorn the unmanly practice of smoking.

Correspondence

Millsville, N.S.

Dear Editor,—This is to acknowledge receipt of the Bible given as premium for four subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger.' It is a beautiful book, large print, and I am pleased and surprised with it. Many thanks and best wishes for your interesting and valuable papers. Wishing you much success, I remain, yours truly,

SARAH HATCH.

Fitch Bay.

Dear Editor,—I have written to your paper once, and thought I would write again to thank you for the nice Bible you sent me for getting up the club. It is the nicest one I ever had,and I was very much pleased to get it. This is the second year I have taken the paper, and enjoy it very much. I go to school every day, my brother and sister go with me, and we all like to go very much. We also go to Sabbath-school every Sunday. My teacher's name is Mrs. C. R. Brown.

JENNIE P. D. (aged 13.)

Burnaby, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Northern Messenger' and enjoy reading it very much. I would be lonely without it on a stormy day like this when we cannot get to school. I have one big brother and one little one, but no sisters. I am sorry about that, for I would like to have a little sister to play with. I have no pets, but three cats, Sampson, Bobs and Jack. They love to fight. I will give you some names of friends, hoping you will send them some of your nice papers.

FERN K.

Exploits, Nfld.

Dear Editor,—My sister takes the 'Messenger' and I like it very much. My youngest sister wrote to the 'Messenger' before, but we did not see it in print and her name was not among the names whose letters were not interesting enough. I suppose it got lost in the mail when it was going. We have been living in Exploits almost a year now; it will be a year in August. It is a pretty place, and there are a lot of high hills around us. We are having our holidays now, my eldest sister Lillie and I are learning Latin. Lillie has been learning French all the winter, but I haven't taken up French yet. I am taking music lessons from my brother and am in the 3rd book 'Hallo's.' I got four new subscribers for the 'Messenger' and I got a 'Bagster Bible.' I thought it was a very nice one for so little trouble. Thank you, very much.

JANIE M. T. aged 13).

Meadow Bank,
N. Georgetown, Que.

Dear Editor,—After seeing so many nice letters in your paper I thought I would like to write one, too. I get the 'Messenger' in my own name, and like to read it very much, especially the correspondence and Little Folks' Page. I am eleven years of age. I go to school and am in the Fourth Grade. My studies are writing, reading, spelling, British and Canadian history, grammar, geography, and arithmetic. I came out first in my grade, in a test examination, and third in the school, getting 1,337 marks out of a maximum of 1,500, my percent being 95 1-2. My prize was a nice volume of Tennyson's poems. Our teacher's name was Miss Cunningham, from Huntingdon. We liked her very well; she was very kind, and often would come out and play ball with us, and in stormy weather, when we could not go out, she would teach us new games at recess in the school. I go to the Presbyterian Church and Sunday-school. We have about sixty scholars, beside the Bible class. We live quite near the church, on the banks of the Chateauguay river, and have great fun skating and tobagganing in winter, and sailing in summer. I will now tell of a trip my sister and I took at Easter. We went by the New York Central line to Woodlands, a beautiful place on the St. Lawrence. We had a very pleasant visit, as it was sugaring time, and our friends took us to their sugar bush; it was just a succession of sugar parties wherever we went, and on our way through Montreal we visited the 'Witness' office, and Mr. Dougall showed us the wooden Chinaman with his solemn face, who looked as if he were driving the whole machinery of the establishment, so you can see we had a very pleasant visit. I had almost forgotten to mention my pets. I have a little colt called Dan, he is quite tame and comes right up to me when I call him. I have also a dog called Carlo, a cat called Snow-flake, and seven little chickens, which I am going to sell for money to put in my missionary-box. My birthday is on Dec. 7, and I would like some little girl about my age to correspond with me.

LOTTIE A. ANDERSON,

[This is a very well-written letter. Thank you very much for the beautiful pressed pansies you enclosed.—Editor.]

Spring Bay, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I like the 'Messenger' so much that I would not give it up not for several times the price. It is a wonder to me how you get such good stories, and the effect they have on the mind is excellent. Some of the Sunday-school papers I have read are childish, and leave no good spiritual impression on the mind, but it is not so with the 'Messenger.' I am an old farmer, 73 last April, and am writing this without glasses on.

I love young people and enjoy seeing them happy, and it is a real happiness to do something that will give real joy and gladness to minds of our young friends, readers of the 'Messenger.' I read many of the letters in the paper, and think some of them very good, and would like to give a word of warning, as I have known some bitter disappointments in my time, because of untruthfulness in conduct as well as in words. I wish to say to the dear boys and girls, if you wish to be respected and trusted, always tell the truth and act your natural self so that every person can rely on you every time. I tell you it is worth more than gold. I know some persons whose word I can not trust, so, of course, there cannot be true respect for such persons, and I hope that none of the readers of the 'Messenger' will in future years be unworthy of confidence and respect.

EBENEZER TRACY.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

Letters written by the following people were either not quite interesting enough to publish, or were, in some cases, scribbled in pencil and untidily written:—

Ada M. Flinn, Mary A. Yurbrigg, Margaret Crawford, Hattie Mason, Clara Myrtle Lewis, Christina C. D., J. H. McK., Eddie C., Jessie B., Roy Burns, Minnie Cassidy, Irene C.

Mail Bag.

Newmarket, Ont.

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Gentlemen,—I have been a subscriber of the 'Northern Messenger' for about seven years. I think it is an ideal paper for Sunday-schools. W. S. PERRIN.

Goldboro, N. S.

Gentlemen,—Your paper, the 'Northern Messenger,' is thought much of in our Sunday-school. Speaking for myself, I think it contains some of the finest stories I have ever read. They are bright and contain much information as well as amusement.

Yours respectfully,

M. L. GRIFFIN,
Secy. S. S.

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HOUSEHOLD.

The Wealth of Economy.

(William Mathews, in 'Success.')

Economy is, of itself, a great revenue.—Cicero.

In almost all the cases where men have accumulated great fortunes, attention to margins and remnants has been the secret of their success. Wealth did not come to them in huge windfalls, overwhelming them with opulence, but by gradual acquisitions, and by saving, year after year, the loose money which other men squander. By economizing the little sums which the thoughtless and improvident man deems not worth looking after,—the pennies and dimes and quarter-dollars of which he keeps no reckoning, the pyramid of their fortune has been slowly and surely reared.

All this may seem, to some of my readers, —and, doubtless, it is,—very commonplace. But, commonplace or not, the lesson is one which thousands of Americans have never practically, and many others but partially, learned. It is a fact, as notorious as it is melancholy, that, of all the civilized peoples on the globe, we are the most wasteful. It is well known to every traveller in France that a French cook would feed a family on what an average American family would waste or reject as worthless. Even the 'heathen Chinee' may teach us here,—may show us examples of economy which are of priceless value. The lowest of the race are sages in this respect, compared with many of those who would exclude them from our shores. A Baptist minister in China writes home that what an American family throws away in a year would support a dozen Chinese families during that time; while, on the other hand, all the waste of a Chinese family in the same time would not keep a mouse from starving.

The extravagance of American housekeepers is strikingly shown in the waste barrel, —the refuse that is carted away from their houses. Even those who buy their fuel, and complain bitterly of its increasing cost, will throw away their boxes and barrels, that could be used for firewood. How often articles of clothing are discarded before they are half worn out, simply because they are a little passé in style, or rusty looking, when, at a small cost, they might be renovated and made serviceable for months, or a year! When one sees the way in which Americans treat their hats and foot-wear, he cannot wonder that shoe factories are so numerous and profitable, their work forming the chief occupation in cities of fifty or more thousand inhabitants, and that, in our large cities, about every fifth or sixth shop is a boot and shoe store.

How rarely an American will wear a pair of boots, even of the best quality, longer than a year or two! Yet I have known a man, by adequate care of a pair of boots,—by carefully cleaning and drying them after each day's wear, and by having them thoroughly oiled, to prevent cracks, four or five times in a year, to make them do good service, though used almost exclusively, for sixteen winters. Of course, they were of the best Parisian manufacture,—costing, with new solings and heelings and straps, twelve dollars, or seventy-five cents a year!

I once asked the proprietor of one of the great leading Back Bay hotels, in Boston, why he asked so high a price for weekly board at his table,—a price, as it seemed to me, about double that at which it might be profitably afforded. He replied that the seemingly exorbitant price was due to two things, viz.: The amount of service demanded by his boarders, and their wastefulness. In the dining room he was obliged to furnish one waiter for every three guests to be served; and, again, most Americans at hotels are very wasteful. On an average, said my informant, each person orders twice as much food as he consumes. Many dishes are only nibbled at, yet spoiled for anybody else.

One of the paradoxes of waste is that the persons most addicted to it are not men and women of independent means, who can support themselves in spite of their extravagant expenditure, but the poorer classes. There is hardly an able-bodied laborer who might not become financially independent, if he would but carefully husband his receipts and guard against the little leaks of needless expense. But unfortunately, this is the one thing which the workingman finds it the hardest to do. There are a hundred laborers who are willing to work hard, to every half-dozen who are willing properly to husband their earnings. Instead of hoarding a small percentage of their receipts, so as to provide against sickness or want of employment, they eat and drink up their earnings as they go, and thus, in the first financial crash, when mills and factories 'shut down,' and capitalists lock up their cash instead of using it in great enterprises, they are ruined. Men who thus live 'from hand to mouth,' never keeping more than a day's march ahead of actual want, are little better off than slaves.

Professor Marshall, the noted English economist, estimates that $500,000,000 are spent annually by the British working classes for things that do nothing to make their lives nobler or truly happier. At the last meeting of the British Association, the president, in an address to the economic section, expressed his belief that the simple item of food waste alone would justify the above-mentioned estimate. One potent cause of waste, to-day, is that very many of the women, having been practically brought up in factories, do not know how to buy economically, and are neither passable cooks nor good housekeepers. Mr. Atkinson estimates that, in the United States, the waste from bad cooking alone is over a thousand million dollars a year!

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